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I wandered there with thee.  
We heard the flow of the ceaseless waves,  
And watched their foam-touched crest,  
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**JUST PUBLISHED, "THE LAST KISS."** Ballad. Words by ALFRED LEMON. Music by PEARSON BRIDGEFORD. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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## FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

*Gloucester, Friday Night.*

With the special and full orchestral service, held this evening in the nave of the Cathedral here, the 157th meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford came to an end, which, if it have not crowned the work with substantial success, has redeemed it in a measure from serious loss to those who have joined in the undertaking to make up any possible deficit. The attendance at the performance of *The Messiah* was the largest of any during the week. Usually it has been a matter of course to regard Thursday not only as the most attractive day for connoisseurs, but also as the occasion of large receipts and collections. Calculations based on yesterday's programme, however, must have been disappointed, unless kept down to a very modest level of hope and expectancy. Leonardo Leo, Palestrina, and Mr Henry Holmes scarcely sufficed to make up an alluring first part; and the burden was chiefly cast upon Beethoven's mighty *Missa Solennis*, which, powerful as it proved in drawing many hearers from places near and afar, did not suffice of itself to ensure a remunerative assemblage. Lovers of music who have few opportunities of hearing it on an impressive scale learn to think how they may best indulge a taste so pure and estimable; and they cannot fail to have noticed how much more certain and generally satisfactory are the renderings of well-known works, where the efficiency of the execution depends a great deal on memory, than are the most carefully rehearsed and yet strange and perplexing works, in the interpretation of which all the artists find themselves looking oftener and longer at their music-books than at the conductor's bâton. A sense of security spreads from orchestra to listening crowd; and this was plainly the case to-day, when not only was this oratorio, *The Messiah*, presented with admirable accuracy throughout, but when all who heard it seemed to rely with gratified confidence on the sure and perfect effect of every number. Commencing at half-past eleven, the work lasted till about a quarter past four, an hour's interval being given between the two parts. Mme Albani was the principal soprano, relieved, in the second part, by Miss Anna Williams, who has performed good service during the entire festival. All the tenor music was entrusted to Mr Maas. Mme Patey divided with Miss Damian the contralto airs, the former, of course, singing "He shall feed His flock" and "He was despised" in such a manner as would have satisfied Handel himself. Mr F. King sang the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," and the air, "But who may abide," these being very properly restored to the bass, after it had been for a long period the unfortunate practice to transfer them to the contralto. The rising young singer likewise gave the recitative and air, "For behold darkness" and "The people that walked." Mr Santley appeared in the second part, and made his usual impression in "Why do the nations" and "The trumpet shall sound," the *obbligato* to which last was played by the unflinching Mr T. Harper. How perfect was the expression of trustful tenderness given by Mme Albani to the air, "Come unto Him," dividing, as it did, the palm of universal admiration with her exquisite rendering of "Rejoice greatly," need hardly be said. This last-mentioned air, which succeeds to the one bit of dramatic painting allowed to find a place in this oratorio—the stringed passage that seems to describe the diminishing flight of the angels, at the conclusion of the chorus, "Glory to God"—was one of the most memorable gems of the performance. It is time, surely, that a strict resolution not to tamper with a work so hallowed in the hearts of millions should have practical force; and that, for example, the recitative and air, "He was cut off" and "But Thou didst not leave," which were taken from the soprano, by Sir Michael Costa, and given to the tenor—who has but just before had his strictly fair share of display in "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see"—should be given back, in the impersonal and paramount interest of art, to the voice for which they were designed by the master. The glow of life's sunset warms this work of Handel's age—sinks into its depths of sad and solemn rest; and gilds its lofty joyousness with glory. Those "additional accompaniments" bestowed upon the oratorio by Mozart were so manifestly a labour of love that they enter into the

very spirit of Handel's composition, and mingle inseparably with its beauties.

Again, at dusk, the Norman masonry of the cathedral nave, which, though of less antiquity than the crypt, choir, and Lady Chapel, still belongs to the period of Henry I., and cannot be of later date than 1120, was lit by rows of tiny gas jets; a method of illumination which would have astonished the monks as much as their very different manner of illuminating, extant in rare old missals, astonishes us. Other and more solid and substantial, though peradventure less enduring work of the monkish times will be found, by those who care to seek it, in Gloucester; where, indeed, like Wisdom, it crieth aloud in the streets, without being very much regarded. For the city, as its abbey buildings show, is exceedingly ancient, and was probably a British, as it certainly was a Saxon and Danish bishopric. Coming down to the young days of the fourteenth century, when the Decorated period had long established itself on the base of Early English, we see abundant evidence of lavish labour, still leaving the massive Norman work to tell its own history. The beautiful shrine of Edward II., to which the body of the murdered king was brought from Berkeley Castle, after the monasteries of Bristol, Keynsham, and Malmesbury had each refused a tomb to the Royal corpse, must have continued for many generations to draw pilgrims to this city of Gloucester; and for their shelter and entertainment a monk named John Twynning built, in 1450, a hostelry that was and is called the New Inn, one of the oldest and most curious houses left standing in England. Thus, the courageous act of the Gloucester abbot prospered the city; and, furthermore, it greatly increased the fortunes of the Abbey itself, and enriched its Royal shrine with many inestimable relics and offerings of gold and precious stones.

Admission being free and without ticket to the special evening service, it is scarcely surprising that the Cathedral, or that portion of it in which the service was held, should have been full. But so it had been, or nearly, at the performance of Handel's oratorio, early in the day; and, therefore, one is spared any odious comparison between the paying and the non-paying assembly. Before the entry of the clergy a voluntary was played by Mr Langdon Colborne on the organ, which Messrs Walker & Sons have specially erected for the Festival. The service commenced with the performance of Bach's "Air for strings, from Suite in D," after which was sung, by the united choir, the choral, "Let all men praise the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. Evening prayer was then proceeded with, the responses being sung in strict time throughout. The Special Psalms were the 148th, 149th, and 150th; and after the First Lesson, Mr C. H. Lloyd's new Magnificat in F, for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed for this Festival was sung. The soprano, or treble, was assigned to a boy of thirteen, named Carrington, who, at rehearsal, had shown great aptitude in acquiring a perfect hold upon his music. Another new composition, by the gentleman to whose zealous care in conducting this Festival the generally satisfactory effect of the various performances is due, is the "Nunc Dimittis," also in F, for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra. The anthem was Sir F. A. Gore Onseley's "The Lord is the true God," the words selected from the Book of Jeremiah; and the hymn during collection was "O Lord of Heaven and earth and sea." Beethoven's "Hallelujah," from the *Mount of Olives*, brought the service and the Festival to a conclusion.—D. T.

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WIESBADEN (*from a lady correspondent*).—Wiesbaden is lovely as a butterfly by day and brilliant as a firefly by night—and the weather is perfect. The Bands here are charming—but the Opera is a wreck! I heard GLUCK's "Orphée" quite murdered last night, save, of course, by the orchestra. An UTTERLY OLD and hideously ugly woman, with legs that made you first stare—and then shudder, played CURIO—her voice was cracked, and at its best it must ever have been too dreadful one. The scenery, nil—a great fat Eurydice—and a girl of 19 who ranted as Orpheus—until I shivered beneath her strong but wholly unmusical voice. The opera here used to be so very exquisite—quite a gem. Now—well I shall never go to it again!



## COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Mr Cowen scrupulously adheres to an important pledge contained in the prospectus of Messrs Gatti, bringing forward, at stated times and with entire impartiality, specimens of native talent, including, as he has just cause to do, compositions from his own pen, by no means the least honourably distinguished of late years. To speak of all these special occasions in detail is out of the question—in fact, unnecessary; but the programme of the most recent “English Night” may be singled out as a fair example of the sort of entertainment to which the new conductor has invited the attention of Covent Garden audiences. It began with a thoroughly congenial performance of Sir Sterndale Bennett’s overture, *The Naiads*, upon the poetical tendency and high merits of which it would be superfluous to dwell, so long by universal consent have they been admitted. Nor was there probably an executant in the orchestra to whom every phrase is not more or less familiar. The same does not apply to the concert-overture, *Andromeda*, by Mr Henry Gadsby, who, as our musical readers are aware, occupies a more or less conspicuous position as author of works in various styles, the church style not excepted. His *Andromeda* was first heard at the Crystal Palace in the spring of 1873. What exact symbolical relation this overture may be supposed to have with the fable of Andromeda and Perseus is not easy to understand without the aid of a descriptive synopsis; but it is easy enough to appreciate its abstract qualities, which lie plainly on the surface. Besides clear design and skilful orchestration, it exhibits imaginative power and a full command of thematic development. Some condensation would be here and there advisable; but the overture is quite good enough to pass without further comment. The feature of the programme was Mr Cowen’s Symphony in C minor, which obtained such marked and general approval, both from amateurs and professors, when first introduced to the public, at St James’s Hall, eleven years ago. All that was then said in praise of this symphony might be repeated now, without cancelling a word. It is unquestionably a production of solid worth, rising far above the level of such early aspirations; and it should be borne in mind that the author was scarcely eighteen years of age when he composed it. There is strong interest in each of the four movements; but the second, a *scherzo* with trio, is singularly attractive, while the third, an *allegretto con moto*, almost comes within the province of genius, so freshly melodious is it, so skilfully instrumented, so carefully worked out, and replete with such delicate touches of fancy. Fascinating is hardly the word to apply to it; it is more than that. The performance was all that could be desired, the members of the orchestra evidently taking pleasure in their task. A pretty orchestral movement entitled “La Mandoline,” by M. A. Burnett, the name of which will indicate its character, and Mr Arthur Sullivan’s lively and inspiring “Overture di Ballo” were also included in this capital English programme. The vocal music comprised four songs—“Home of my heart,” “The Cantinere,” “The wreck of the Hesperus,” and “Should he upbraid” (Wallace, Balfe, Hatton, and Bishop), allotted respectively to Mr Frank Boyle, Mdlle Barnadelli, Mr Santley, and Miss Mary Davies. Mr Santley, whose popularity seems as great as ever, being encored in the “Hesperus,” substituted “Simon the Cellarer”; and Miss Davies, similarly complimented, resigned herself to a similarly enforced obligation. It should be added that the second part of the concert began with another English overture (first time), by Mr T. Matthey, once, we believe, a pupil of Mr Sullivan’s, at the Royal Academy of Music. This overture, in the key of F, carefully and sensibly written, though giving no appreciable token of original thought, does credit both to the talent of the young composer and the instruction he has received.

At the last Beethoven Concert the programme, while composed of unexceptionable materials, was very much too long. The overture to *Prometheus* and the C minor Symphony would have amply sufficed, in the way of orchestral music, without the *larghetto* from the Second Symphony and the *scherzo* from the Ninth—especially when it is borne in mind that the Concerto No. 3 (also in C minor) is, though short of one movement, a symphony to all intents and purposes. This, by the way, was played with extraordinary rigour and precision by Mdlle Timanoff, a young Russian pianist, pupil of Franz Liszt’s, who made so successful an appearance in the summer of the present year at a Philharmonic Concert, and was duly recognized at the time. So great was the impression upon the audience that they re-called Mdlle Timanoff twice. In the second part of the concert she created a still more marked effect in a *Tarantella* by her master, which, though “bristling” with difficulties, as is the rule rather than the exception with Liszt, appeared to present none whatever to her agile fingers. She was applauded again and again, and in recognition of the compliment sat down to the instrument and played another piece with no less facile execution. The remainder of the Beethoven programme was limited to two songs, “In questa tomba” and “Adelaide,” each of its kind a

model—the former sung by that steadily progressing young contralto, Miss Orridge, from the Royal Academy of Music, the latter by Mr Edward Lloyd (admirably accompanied by Mr Thoulless)—both exceptionally well. The programme, of which the “Pastoral Symphony” (No. 6) formed the conspicuous feature, was more within reasonable dimensions; but on this occasion it was not exclusively Beethoven, to Cherubini, Gluck (not “Glück,” please, Mr Cowen), Weber, and Saint Saëns being allotted shares in the instrumental part, while Spohr and Meyerbeer (represented by Miss Mary Davies and Mr Arthur Oswald) figured in the vocal. Thus the great “programme-symphony”—as some insist upon calling it, the composer notwithstanding—was played and listened to under more favourable conditions. Among the most noticeable features of the “Classical nights” have been the introduction of little-known symphonies by Haydn and Mozart. A symphony in B flat by the latter has been mentioned in appropriate terms, and we have now to record the production of another in D, quite as attractive in its way as coming from that pure source of melody which must ever be the secret of music’s charm. The more of such healthy things the better. In proof that Mr Cowen has no prejudices in favour of the old school as against the modern, he submitted the other night, to a thoroughly expectant audience on his side the orchestra, the “Ocean Symphony” of Herr Anton Rubinstein, which, though it occupied very nearly an hour in performance, was so admirably interpreted that the attention never flagged. This was a bold step, justified by a successful result. The “classical” part of the programme was brought to an imposing climax by the “Kaiser March” of Wagner, played with extraordinary spirit. It comprised, however, another welcome piece, belonging to the school of the last century, in the shape of No. 12 of the twenty-four concertos by Mozart for pianoforte and orchestra. The concerto in B flat, second of four in the same key, was composed at Vienna in 1784, and has for some conventional reason been hitherto styled “No. 4.” The pianist being Mr Charles Hallé, it may be readily believed that the execution was perfect, for no artist is more intimately conversant with such works than this thoroughly accomplished musician, whose appearance in our orchestras is always welcome to connoisseurs—and, strange as it may seem, even to the audiences at Promenade Concerts, who crowd round the orchestra whenever he plays.

By way of solos, more frequent opportunities of display should be granted to the best executants. We have only to take note of one—a piece for flute with orchestral accompaniments, from the ready pen of Mr John Francis Barnett, which, if hardly coming up to the standard of that gentleman’s happiest efforts, is by no means without claims to notice. Like all he writes, it is ably put together, though certain passages are but indifferently suited to the genius of the instrument. The flautist, however, being Mr J. Radcliff, that practised and accomplished artist did all that was possible in the circumstances, and the “concertino”—for such is its actual form—was heard with general satisfaction. The absence of those popular favourites, Mdlle Patey, Messrs Santley and Edward Lloyd, at the Gloucester Festival, just terminated, of course deprived the vocal attraction of the week of some of its strength; but though presenting no novelties demanding special notice, the selections have been good and the singing to match. Mr Vernon Rigby has rendered essential service, retaining and deserving all his hold on public favour. The concert of Saturday night, which brought one of the usual Saturday crowds to the theatre, was a fair specimen of the “miscellaneous” programmes that appeal so irresistibly to the tastes of the many. An overture by Auber, three of the incomparable ballet pieces from *Masaniello*, (“Guaracha,” “Bolero,” and “Tarantella”), one of the liveliest *finales* from one of Haydn’s liveliest symphonies (in G—known as “Letter V”), with a new and much admired selection from *Carmen*, by M. Audibert, constituted the orchestral pieces in the opening part, which included also a masterly performance, by Mr Hallé, of the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn’s first pianoforte concerto, and the *Ballade* with *Polonaise* of Vieuxtemps, extremely well played by Mr Sutton, a promising young violinist, pupil of M. Sauton. The singers were Miss Mary Davies, Mdlle Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Harold Russell. Mdlle Sterling was encored in Mr Cowen’s “Never again,” which she sang with perfect taste, and repeated, a similar compliment being paid to Mr Rigby in “My own, my guiding star,” from Macfarren’s *Robin Hood*, for which he substituted something of a very different kind, in the shape of “La donna è mobile.” Mr Harold Russell is a beginner, with an agreeable barytone voice, in all probability destined to be heard more than once again. He was received with much encouragement.—*Times*.

[About the “Humorous Night” on Thursday—an extraordinary success—something will be found in our leading columns.—D.P.]

## Brown's Letters to Gneffer.

(Continued from page 579.)

## LETTER V.

My Lord,—The second class of Airs to be considered is the *aria di portamento*, a term expressive of a certain way of managing the voice. It means, that the voice must be strongly supported, and artfully managed, through the long notes, of which this air is composed, the motion of which is graver than that of any other species. In the *cantabile* the notes are also long; but their march is, in general, gradual and gliding. Here, on the contrary, the intervals ought to be bold, striking, and unexpected. In the former, the gentle dying away—here, the grand swell of the voice—ought to be principally attended to. In short, pathos and elegance are the characteristics of the *cantabile*—grandeur and sublimity of the *portamento*. The great object, which musicians seem to have had in view in this kind of air, is to give full scope to the voice to display, in the highest degree, its powers and beauties—as the Italians very emphatically express it, “*far pompa della voce*.” In the general definition of this air, I took notice to your Lordship of the high value which the Italians put on the beauty of voice itself; and, indeed, the effect of a powerful, and, at the same time, harmonious voice, in the execution of an air of this kind, is such, as, I believe, must be felt before it can be conceived.

Every sentiment, which proceeds from greatness of mind, or that speaks the admiration of what is itself sublime, is a proper groundwork for this air. The sentiment expressed by it may be accompanied with sensibility, but must be calm, and undisturbed by passion. This being the case, your Lordship will see that the subject of the *portamento* is of a nature too serious and important to admit of that degree of ornament which is essential to the *cantabile*. Like the Doric order in architecture, though it rejects not ornament altogether, yet it must owe its effect chiefly to its simplicity and grandeur. If your Lordship will allow me, in another way, to illustrate the specific difference of these two classes, I might say that, were Venus to sing, her mode of song would be the *cantabile*; the *portamento* would be that of the Queen of gods and men.

Your Lordship will be sensible, that, though the line between these two classes be distinctly drawn, yet they may, more or less, partake sometimes of the nature of each other. Some sentiments, for example, of a female lover, all gentleness and sensibility, may yet be accompanied with a degree of nobleness, which, if properly felt by the composer, may induce him to give a grandeur to the music that will make it partake, more than usual, of the style of the *portamento*. As, on the other hand, circumstances may be imagined in which the most heroic sentiments, from the mixture of some tender affection, may, without losing their dignity, be expressed by strains somewhat more approaching to the *cantabile* than the general character of the air allows. But these, indeed, are nice shades of distinction, which escape the control of fixed rules, and can be appreciated only by correspondent feelings. The peculiar qualities necessary for the proper performance of this air are, first of all, a powerful and beautiful voice; for, without this, no skill, no taste, no feeling even, can ever render long notes supportable, much less make them a source of delight. Secondly, a clear and unequivocal pronunciation, by virtue of which, notwithstanding the length of the notes, the articulations, with which they began, may be so strongly impressed on the memory, as to render the sense easily followed and understood. Lastly, a graceful manner of acting, without which, in that kind of “*action soutenue*,” which the great length of the notes requires, the deportment of the actor must, indeed, be awkward in the extreme.

I proceed now to give your Lordship some examples of these airs, beginning with one of the most serious kind, and, by its nature, the farthest removed from the *cantabile*. It is likewise taken from Metastasio. In the oratorio of *The Passion of Christ*:

Dovunque il guardo giro,  
Immenso Dio, ti vedo  
Nell' opre tue t'ammiro,  
Ti riconosco in me.

(Where'er I turn my eyes, Great God, I see thee; I revere thee in thy works; I feel thee in myself.)

La terra, il mar, le sfere  
Mostran il tuo potere;  
Tu sei per tutto, e noi  
Tutti viviamo in te.

(The earth, the sea, the heavens, show forth thy power; thou art over all, and we all live in thee.)

The following example is from the opera of *Attilius Regulus*, by the same author. It is put in the mouth of the Roman Consul, on hearing Regulus insist on being sent back to Carthage:

Oh qual fiamma di gloria e d'onore  
Sento scorrer per tutte le vene,  
Alma grande, parlando con te.

(Oh! what a flame of glory and honour I feel run through every vein, thou great soul, in conversing with thee.)

No, non vive ai timido core  
Che in udirti, con quelle catene  
Non cambiasse la sorte d'un re.

(No, there lives not a soul so vile, who, hearing thee, would not exchange with these chains even the fortune of a monarch.)

Here is a third from the same opera. The daughter of Regulus seeing her father so much occupied by the great public object he had in view, that he appears dead to that paternal fondness which she had before experienced from him, says:

Ah! father, Why are you so much changed?

to which he answers, closing the recitative:

My fortunes are changed—I am still the same.

## AIR.

Non perdo la calma  
Fra i ceppi, o gli allori  
Non va sino all' alma  
La mia servitu.

(Whether bound in chains, or encircled with laurels, I lose not my serenity, my servitude reaches not the soul.)

Combatte i rigori  
Di sorte incostante  
In vario sembiante  
L'istessa virtù.

(The same virtue, under different appearances, combats the rigour of inconstant fortune.)

Brown.

E. J. N.

August 15th, 1880.

Cold she lies in the sultry night,  
Deaf to the voices that speak her name,  
Dead in the splendid noon of her fame,  
Dead in her beauty, chill and white.

Fortune's darling an hour before!—  
Who had thought of the end of all?  
Who had thought of the curtain's fall  
Over her triumphs to rise no more?

Hushed be the song and the dance a space:  
She was merry but yesterday.  
Silence the orchestra, cease the play—  
Think awhile of that rigid face.

Spare some few of your thoughts for her—  
We have so little to give our dead:  
The fading wreath for the ice-cold head,  
The praise that never a pulse can stir.

Take this with you, oh loveliest Dead!  
Into the Shadowland, vast and drear;  
If in the past we have held you dear—  
Heaped our praise on your gentle head—

Now in the coldness and calm of death,  
You have a triumph the most complete;  
Your silence speaks with a voice so sweet,  
That all men listen with bated breath.

E. C. N.

—London Figaro.

VIENNA.—Pauline Lucra returns next month to the Imperial Operahouse. There is a question of Weber's *Preciosa*, with a cast including members of the Operahouse and the Burgtheater, and Pauline to represent the Gipay heroine of Cervantes. The new Intendant-General of the Imperial Theatres displays laudable diligence in the introduction of reforms and improvements in the establishments under his charge. He has issued an order that two boxes, or eight seats, shall, on ordinary occasions, be reserved at the Burgtheater for members of the Imperial Operahouse, and vice versa.

## A HOLIDAY LETTER FROM "C. A. B."

Sydenham, 12th Sept., 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It has been a burthen upon my conscience for some weeks past, that I have not ere this fulfilled the promise I made to you to write you some account of my late holiday trip to Germany. By this date you will probably have forgotten that I ever made you such a promise. Let me re-call the occasion, and you will remember it. It was on the afternoon of Saturday, July 3, that I had the unwonted pleasure of meeting you in Bond Street. You had been spending the morning in making calls upon Christine Nilsson and Sarah Bernhardt; you had put yourself on the outside of several beef-steaks and I don't know how many bottles (half-bottles, of course) of Champagne, and were in the best of spirits and (to my great delight) apparently in the robustest of health.

Now, to fulfil my promise. My starting abroad before the close of the summer musical season came about in this way. For twenty years my wife has had a strong desire to witness a performance of the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play, which at last grew into a determination not to miss the opportunity which this year of grace has accorded. For nearly, if not quite, so long it had been my desire to see *Tristan und Isolde*—the only one of Wagner's music-dramas of which I had not yet had experience upon the German stage. A happy conjunction of circumstances enabled us to combine both events, nay more; in Munich we came in also for Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Die Meistersinger*; at least, I did, for *Die Meistersinger* was given there on the evening of the same day that my wife had arranged to spend with friends at Ober-Ammergau for the purpose of being present at the performance of the Passion-Play. This I had had the good fortune of witnessing ten years ago. Though by no means undervaluing it, I thought it better to preserve my first impressions than to run the risk of having them disturbed by seeing it a second time, when one would have approached it in a more critical spirit, and, perhaps, have met with less satisfaction. Added to this, the counter-attraction of *Die Meistersinger* was too strong a one to be resisted.

On our way out we spent a pleasant day at Wiesbaden; but there, the theatre being closed for the holidays, we heard no music except some of the promenade species, which served to accompany an excellent display of fireworks. Though these, on the whole, were hardly up to the Crystal Palace mark, still, in some respects, especially as regarded the mode employed of illuminating trees, Mr Brock, had he been there, might have derived a useful lesson. I should not, however, forget that in the porter of the Rhine Hotel I discovered a real musical enthusiast; for he not only showed himself justifiably proud of the fact that Abt and Liszt—"zwei Abte," as he naively remarked—and von Bülow had recently been among the guests there, but also proved his admiration for Wagner by whistling to me the principal tunes from *Die Meistersinger*, &c.

From Wiesbaden we went direct to Munich. Here, as you are doubtless aware, a series of dramatic performances, interspersed with classical operas, was given at the Hof-Theater during the month of July. I should have liked to attend the whole series; but this would have involved a lengthened stay in a city which, with all its art-attractions, is neither healthy nor pleasant as a residence during the height of summer. Our desire, too, was towards the mountains. Restricting ourselves, therefore, to the three operas I have named, we spent as much of our time as circumstances would allow in exploring the beautiful country immediately surrounding Munich; visiting, in turn, the lovely Starnberg lake; Berchtesgaden, with its neighbouring salt mines (which, properly accoutred in miner's costume, we descended) and the romantic König-see; and Salzburg, where, of course, we did not omit to visit the house in which Mozart was born, and the little summer-house in which he composed *Die Zauberflöte*, which has recently been removed hither from Vienna, and re-erected upon the Capuziner-berg. To have done with our touring: while my wife was at Ammergau, I, in company with my friend, Fr. Niecks, and M. Lavoix, the well-known author of a "History of Instrumentation," made a two days' excursion to Ratisbon, or Regensburg, as the Germans call it. The beauty of

its cathedral and other antiquities, together with the modern Wal-halla, in imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, erected by the late King of Bavaria, regardless of expense, and so picturesquely situated on an eminence overlooking the banks of the Danube, fully repaid us for the trouble of a long and dusty railway journey. Ratisbon, too, possesses a library especially rich in old Church-music. M. Lavoix, of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris, came away from a visit to it in the greatest glee, and with his pockets full of material for an article which he promised to send me, but which has not yet come to hand. When it arrives I hope to pass it on to you. I rejoined my wife at Innsbruck, whence we had a splendid drive back to Munich, *via* the Archenthal, Bad Kreuth, and the Tegernsee.

I now come to what, you will say, ought to be the most important part of my letter, viz., some account of the three operas which I witnessed—*Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Die Meistersinger*. You will not, however, at this date expect a detailed critical account of the contents of either of them or of the mode of their performance. Indeed, to attempt this within the limited space of a holiday letter would be beside the mark. I restrict myself, therefore, to as few words as possible. Under the direction of Herr Levi, who as Hof-Kapellmeister has proved himself a worthy successor of von Bülow and Hans Richter, and with such such artists as the Frauen Vogl, —and Wekerlin, and the Herren Vogl, Fuchs, Kindermann, Meyer, Nachbaur, Reichmann, Sigl, and Schlosser in the principal parts, the performances generally, especially as regarded the attainment of the band and the *ensemble*, were of the highest excellence. Indeed, none but the most hyper-critical could have found fault with them, except on the grounds that the two Vogls—allowably the two greatest of living Wagner-singers—far outshone their coadjutors, admirable though these were. A word or two as to the personal impression derived from witnessing these three performances, and I have done. First came Gluck's *Iphigenia*. A stage performance of this grand but severely classical work which I experienced for the first time, fully accounted for the fact, which had not been clear to me before, that Wagner should have thought it worth his while to re-write the German libretto and "touch up," but in a modest manner, Gluck's somewhat antiquated instrumentation. For, is not this genuine music, and at the same time thoroughly and truthfully dramatic? And, though in a remote way, perhaps, may it not properly be regarded as containing the protoplasm of Wagner's later style? It interested and pleased me greatly.

Next came *Tristan*, on the 11th of July, a day, indeed, "to be marked with a white stone," and one which, in spite of all my Wagnerian experiences, seemed to me to mark a new epoch in my life. While I was dining, just before the performance, not at the *table d'hôte*, but in private and abstemiously, as is my wont on such solemn occasions, who should come in, to my great joy, but my friend, Hans Richter. Though he came straight up to me, I failed at first to recognize him, and no wonder, for he had shaved his head. Whether, like St Paul, he had a vow, and had shaved his head in Cenchrea or elsewhere, I did not inquire. I only thought, if he has a vow, and it is to conduct the "Richter" concerts of next year, I shall not complain. He had come from Vienna, bringing his wife with him, specially to be present at this performance of *Tristan*. No less pleasant was it, between the acts, to meet with such musical friends as von Bülow and C. Klindworth. Theodore Thomas, I believe, and I know not what other musical notorieties, contributed to the distinguished character of an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. As to the effect which *Tristan* made upon me, I have no hesitation in saying that I have never before been so deeply moved or so carried away by any musical dramatic work as by this. My wife, too, who, with less previous preparation than myself, approached it in fear and trepidation that she would not be able to follow the story, and would find the music dry, experienced just the same sensations, and at the close expressed her surprise that five hours seemed to have passed like one. *Tristan*, to my idea, represents the perfection of Wagner's music-drama. As a whole, it seems to me to be at least equal, if not, indeed, superior to the



*Nibelung* tetralogy, the first act of *Die Walküre*, and certain parts of *Götterdämmerung* notwithstanding. In some respects it is certainly superior to this, for being so much more concise, and so much more "human," it is calculated to appeal far more readily to the sympathies of the general listener. That this should be so is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, if we allow that Wagner's artistic career has been one continuous *crescendo*, and if it be borne in mind that *Tristan* was composed subsequently to a great portion of the *Nibelung* tetralogy.

*Die Meistersinger* equally delighted me, but from a perfectly different point of view. Love is the pervading theme of both operas; but in *Tristan* it is a matter of life and death, while in *Die Meistersinger* it is one of daily occurrence. The pleasure of listening to *Tristan* is "a pleasure akin to pain." With *Die Meistersinger* it is the very reverse. Here all is bright and happy, and full of fun and humour. Stated as an equation, one might say *Tristan* is to *Die Meistersinger* as Beethoven's "Ninth" is to one of the most genial of Father Haydn's symphonies—each as art-works being equally perfect.

P.S.—I close my letter with an anti-Wagnerian postscript. On our way home through Cologne I called upon my old friend and revered master, Ferdinand Hiller—I beg his pardon—Dr Ferdinand von Hiller; for he has not only been doctored, but has also been ennobled; and, as he told me some time ago, has been made happy for life by the liberal pension bestowed upon him by the people of Cologne. I was unfortunate in finding he had gone out for the day. By way of consoling myself for the disappointment of missing him, I purchased his last new book. It bears the date of the present year, and is entitled "Künstlerleben." A perusal of it, which has seemed to me like so many pleasant hours spent in his company, has proved productive of extreme satisfaction; for, almost from end to end, I have found it interesting, instructive, and entertaining. It consists of a series of articles, some of which I fancy I have already read in a more fugitive form, or, at least, have read about in notices in German papers. Among the most valuable as enduring contributions to musical literature are those which deal with his personal reminiscences of such men as Hummel, Berlioz, Bellini, Adolphe Nourrit, and Liszt. All are pervaded by the kindest spirit. Some travelling sketches of a lighter texture, notices of Rhine music-festivals, reviews of sundry musical works, and some short occasional poems, go to make up the tale of a book which I gladly commend to your notice as well as that of translators.—Yours, &c.,  
J. W. Davison, Esq.

C. A. B.

### THE WORLD AT DRURY LANE.

(From the "Theatre.")

This is a very extraordinary and still successful play. It could only have been written by those experienced in stage-craft, who have, so to speak, watched every game on the boards, who from long experience and practical test, have recorded the impressions made from various stage effects, and who have so felt the pulse of the public that they could tell almost to a certainty when the applause would come. In fact, they in the conduct of a mighty undertaking have treated melodrama very much like a pantomime. No pantomime ever was known to fail. If it be dull, the goblin scene, or the ballet, or the comic business, or one particular song, or the transformation works it up. The success comes from variety. Just so with a melodrama as conducted by our modern triumvirate. A ship is blown up, there is a mutiny on board, a raft is seen labouring on mid-ocean with dead and dying men, the sick are rescued, a man is incarcerated in a lunatic asylum on a false certificate, a villain who desires to compromise a woman's honour meets a just fate in tumbling headlong down an hotel lift. Why, one of such effects has been known to make a melodrama, and a combination of them is a guaranteed success. But do not let it be supposed that there is not considerable constructive ability in this work designed for a set purpose. It is true that it begins far better than it ends, that the energy of the commencement is so strong that the conclusion seems somewhat tame; but I should be considerably surprised if Mr Charles Reade, and also Mr Wilkie Collins, did not highly praise the ingenuity of the imbrolio that starts the interest, and if dramatic constructors at large did not congratulate the authors on the scene whose action takes place wholly on a raft in the middle of a tempestuous sea. I have seldom

seen interest so strongly combined with effect. The villain is here, and so is the virtuous man, an unfortunate gentleman dies of thirst, his son survives, there is a fight over a drop of cold water, and all this on a raft some ten feet square. This is a masterly piece of business, and when the rescue comes quickly after the excitement of danger and heroism, there are thunders of applause. I don't care who is responsible for this scene, all I know is that it will be recorded in the famous annals of melodrama. There is another curious and interesting feature which should not escape notice. Many a melodrama with a good strong backbone has been ruined by extravagance in the acting. This is not the modern plan. Natural deportment and quiet intention are applied to strong melodrama with a very interesting result. The old days of mouthing and ranting—penny plain and twopence coloured—are over, burlesque has killed them, and if they were to arise they would be hooted down. So there has been a most careful selection of cast and strict injunctions given to be as natural as is consistent with a very extravagant theme. Singularly happy was the result. The acting stood out by its moderation, although there was very little indeed to do. The first act was scarcely over before those who have studied acting were praising the ease and faithfulness of portraiture shown by Arthur Matthison, Charles Harcourt, and Harry Jackson, who played the most dangerous characters in the whole play. A coarse Jew if overdone would have aroused the audience to a frenzy of anger. It passed, thanks to the good sense of the actor, and he was applauded throughout. Experience teaches, and Mr Harry Jackson has profited by it. Then came Miss Fanny Brough, with a very nice well-toned and sincere little bit of pathos; and as to Miss Fanny Josepha, well, there is no play I have ever seen her in that she has not adorned, bringing for our refreshment her sweet voice and engaging manner, her natural gentleness, and singular charm of style. I don't care who Miss Fanny Josepha may be on the stage, Mary Blythe, a governess, or Miss This or That, she is ever a refined and gentle lady. Mr Augustus Harris, who has on the stage an easy and natural style and a pleasant appearance, bears the hissing he nightly receives with delightful indifference. He is hissed because he is a wicked villain on the boards, and not at all on account of any failure in art. On the contrary, a melodramatic and stogy villain would have ruined the play. Mr William Rignold and Miss Helen Barry have not quite learned the value of moderation. Their emphasis is too pronounced, and by force of contrast their accentuated manner is the more observed.\* \* \* \* \* For my own part I sympathise with the man. As to the scenery, nothing better of its kind, Mr Henry Euden and Mr Henry Cuthbert having provided the largest stage in London with some of the most striking pictures seen for years. C. S.

### LINES FOR MUSIC.\*

#### LOVE LYRICS.

#### No. I.

I love my Love with a love  
Deep as the fathomless sea,  
A love that would dare to prove  
The strength of my passion-plea.  
It is not her wealth I crave,  
Though that has charms of its own;  
My spirit soars higher, and claims  
Her love, and her love alone.

Oh why will she not exchange  
Her love for the love I give?  
It cannot be that she fears  
My love would her charms outlive,  
It cannot be that she thinks  
I love her for paltry gold,  
That a love so deep as mine  
Could ever be bought or sold.

I know that the purest gems  
Lie deepest in ocean's breast,  
That he who would seize the prize  
Must risk dear life in the quest—  
And so, I'm prepared to risk  
My all her love to obtain;  
But, if I fail in my suit,—  
Well—a bachelor I'll remain.

\* Copyright.

WEISTAR.

\* I dissent emphatically from this. William Rignold is a masterly disposer of policemen and "mad doctors," Miss Helen Barry is always our tall and taking Helen.—DR BRIDGE.

# À quoi bon ?

(Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.)



"But 'tis not wondrous, when the Emperor tunes  
A paltry harp, the lords should turn buffoons."

(Jubenal.)



## Humorous Night.



entertainments would be able to penetrate (boasting a greater depth of intellectual and plumb)—nay more thoroughly appreciate the significance of its insignificance than the Upper Twenty Three, with Royalty thrown in. They therefore announced "Grand Repetition of Musicians in *Wetley* (Carnival)" for Thursday evening—"prices quadrupled, no entry allowed without prompt payment." They also reproduced on the forehead of their



programme-bills the incomparably amiable (or amiably incomparable) cartoon, imagined and executed with Rabelaisian humour and Benvenuto-Cellini-like skill, to celebrate the event, by Charles Lyall, feared of men and



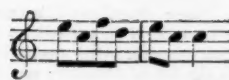
affected of gods and goddesses, including Cybele and the dead Pan. The crowd was so eager that it forgot to pay, and the money-takers so anxious to see a bit of the fun, that they forgot to ask for the money. Thousands were denied admission—"Crammen" being the Bouccaultian placard outside the portico. One of the first thousand went away in anger. One of the second thousand stood erect in the vestibule and, despite the most emphatic orders to be off, continued singing "Il mio tesoro," without a shilling in his pocket (having no pockets to speak of). The performance, however, actually took place; but vast was the disillusion of the uncomfortably packed multitude when Messrs Radcliff and Barrett came on, each with a bundle of letters in his hand—letters, as it turned out, apologetic, from the original performers in the *Toy Symphony* (St James's Hall—last May), who, at the eleventh hour, by telegraph submarine, pleaded masonic dinners in the Channel islands (especially Sark) as excuse for their nonforthcoming. To describe what followed is impossible. Fancy a forest of wild animals before dinner, and a forest of wild animals after supper. The



performance took place, nevertheless, and certain members of



Mr Cowen's orchestra, more or less friendly to Mr Hallé, undertook to play on the instruments tickled, on the first to-be-ever-forgotten occasion, by members of the Upper 23. A gentleman from Wales, however, who had travelled from the wilds of Brecon in order to witness proceedings and telegraph an account of them to Castle Craig, ventured to cry "out Shame!"—whereat he was expelled. Whereupon, cries for "Sullivan! Santley! Hallé! Cowen! Barnett! Engel! Benedict! Manns! Cusins! Rosa! Kuhe! Blumenthal! Randeegger! Leslie! Chappell!"—and so forth, were vociferated from roof to base, by multitudes of carnivorous voices. Quiet was restored, when one of the instruments gave the well-known tune:—



in all its sumptuously unaffected self-sufficiency. Two of our Darwinian ancestors happening to be there whispered confidentially to each other:—



Jumbo.—Hally 'im not dere?

Jumbo.—Cowy 'im not dere?

Jumbo.—Sullivy 'im not dere?

Jumbo.—Yaa—a—in box wid 'im Randeeggy!

Jumbo.—Dare Kuhy in box wid 'im Blumy

Jumbo.—Yaa—a! and 'im Manny

Jumbo.—And 'im Sant—



And so they went on jabbering, just as did our forefathers; and it is but fair to add that the performance by the gentlemen of Mr Cowen's orchestra—"seriatim," as the late R. K. B. used to say—was far better in every respect than that by the "Upper 23" in St James's Hall. (See Cartoon on opposite page.)

Craker Rooters.

## MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 4, at St George's, Ramsgate, by the Rev. Canon Elwyn, assisted by the Rev. R. Patterson and the Rev. H. J. Wardell, GEORGE NELSON SAWYERS, third son of GEORGE PRIOR, Mus. Doc., Oxon., to LYDIA MARY, elder daughter of the late THOMAS FISHER STEAD, of Ramsgate.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has left Baden-Baden for Wiesbaden, where she was invited to sing by the Queen of the Belgians. She remains at Wiesbaden till the end of the month, after which she is engaged for four representations at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Miss Hawk is not going to America this year.

MR F. J. SAWYER, Mus. B., organist of St Patrick's Church, Hove (Brighton), has been presented by the members of his choir with a handsome timepiece, a salad spoon with fork, and a letter of congratulation on his recent marriage at Leipzig with Fraulein Wagner.

## To Antoinette Sterling

*Sterling is thy name  
Sterling is thy nature*

Huxton East.

## Sarah Bernhardt.

Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt has signed a three-years' engagement with the managers of the Vaudeville Theatre. The engagement will begin after Mdlle Bernhardt's return from America.—(*The Parisian*, Sept. 16.)

## To Antoinette Sterling

(Continued).

*Antoinette Sterling  
If not a starling  
(The phrase unfurling)  
Thou art a darling*

Huxton.

[About which there's no quarr'ling.—DR BLIDGE.]

## Montigny-Rémaury.

The distinguished pianist, Mdme Montigny-Rémaury, sister-in-law of Mr Ambroise Thomas, is at present at St Gervais-les-Bains in the Haute Savoie. She opens the musical season at Liverpool on the 5th of October; on the 9th she plays at the Crystal Palace, London; and on the 25th at Manchester at the grand concerts of Max Bruch and Hallé.—*Parisian*.

*If thou wert a whig  
Thou'dst be only a prig  
But being conservative  
Thou'rt high art preservative*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Listen to Dally  
He don't shilly-shally*

\* \* \* \* \*

*All work together  
'Twill then be fine weather*

Dr Blidge.\*

\* Dr Blidge has been elected a Muttonian. Henceforth his name will be printed in the old English character.—D. B.

## To Antoinette Sterling

O Anton—Antoniette!  
Why art thou more than Sterling?

Huxton the East.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE MARIE VANZANDT.—All reports agree about the wonderful success of this extremely clever young singer at Copenhagen. Her Mignon is universally praised.

"MUSIO" has—says the *Parisian*—engaged Mdme Torriani for Max Strakosch's opera troupe. (The late Mr Gye's Torriani, Carl Rosa's Torriani, Everybody's Torriani, till she became nobody's Torriani except Musio's Torriani.—DR BLIDGE.)

HERR WILHELM GANZ (may his shadow never be less!) has returned from a short trip to Boulogne-sur-Mer. He came over in the same boat with the always-to-be-borne-in-mind Prosperé Sainton, *qui se dirigeait à Gloucester*, where the imminently hilarious Festival impatiently awaited his coming. For, Prosperé wanting, where would have been the "Benedictus" of the Mass of all Masses which masses cannot sing?

## MDLLE BERNHARDT.

(To the Editor of the "Globe")

SIR,—My attention has been called to a leaderette on the first page of your impression of Saturday (September 11), which contains the following:—"The forty-seven dresses belonging to Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt are likely to raise a question of international law. With these dresses—being part of her stock-in-trade as an actress—she claimed free entrance through the New York Custom House. This claim the revenue officers resisted. They also impounded the articles in dispute. The lady protested, but her protests were in vain. The officers were inexorable. The exceptional child of nature now among the Americans seems to have little regard for established institutions, &c." The remarks accompanying this statement, supposing the statement true, might have their value; but, unfortunately, there is not one word of truth in it from first to last. The "forty-seven" dresses—whatever they may happen to be—not having left Paris, can hardly have been "impounded" by Custom House officers at New York—for which city "the exceptional child of nature, now among the Americans" (Mdlle Bernhardt), has no intention of starting until the middle of October, being at present engaged on a tour in the French provinces. The spirit of justice and impartiality which has always characterized *The Globe* will, I feel persuaded, Sir, induce you to insert this rectification; for, if there are "laws of society which broken by others would entail on them social ostracism," the law of the American Customs cannot, so far as Mdlle Bernhardt is concerned, be reckoned as one of them.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

September 13.

HENRY JARRETT.

[The correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose telegram appeared in that paper on Saturday, was our authority for the statement made concerning Mdlle Bernhardt.—ED. *The Globe*.]

## MARIE VANZANDT.

(From the "Ménestrel.")

*Que va dire Sarah Bernhardt? La blonde petite Mignon Marie Vanzandt révolutionne à son tour le public danois. On double le prix des places, et la foule accourt de plus belle tout comme s'il s'agissait d'Adrienne Lecouvreur. La famille royale donne le signal des applaudissements et il se prépare un banquet en l'honneur de la sympathique Mignon. Y aura-t-il un toast politique?*

[What, in the name of common sense, has Sarah Bernhardt to do with the great success of Marie Vanzandt at Copenhagen? What has the great French actress done that her name must be dragged in, *quand même*, on every possible, or impossible, occasion? Is it because, in her way, she has no living equal? Is it the tribute genius must necessarily pay to those who envy its possession. No one questions the remarkable talent, and still more remarkable promise, of Marie Vanzandt, but to bracket her name with that of Sarah Bernhardt is simply preposterous, and likely to do her much less good than harm.—D. B.]

THE HUMOROUS NIGHT.—In consequence of the overflowing audience attracted by this special entertainment on Thursday night and the sensation it created, Mr J. Russell, Messrs Gatti's acting-manager, announced, in a few words, that it would be repeated next Tuesday.

WEIMAR.—The Director of Police has issued a decree setting forth the annoyance and discomfort inflicted upon neighbours and passers-by through the incessant practice at open-windows of would-be Liszts, Rubinstains, Bulöws, Arabella Goddards, Essipoffs, and Rémaurys. He informs all such disturbers of the public peace, that in future they will be fined two marks for each offence.—(And five for each unshut casement.—DR BLIDGE.)

HAMBURG.—Mad. Essipoff Leschetizky is to play at the Festival of the Bach Society here on the 1st October. She starts soon afterwards on a grand tour in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, and Russia. During the tour she will give from eighty to one hundred concerts.—(We shall have her here in London first, by the way. *Que faire si ta luisante Frou-Frou nous abandonne!*—DR BLIDGE.)

## THE INTERNATIONAL SINGING MATCH IN COLOGNE.\*

14-17 AUGUST.

(Concluded from page 560.)

II.

The culminating point of the festival was the competition between the societies constituting the "Highest International Class of Honour," that is, according to the official guide-book, societies of all nations, with not less than seventy members each, which had in previous contests carried off a first prize or prize of honour. The more difficult the task proposed, the higher the prizes, and the more restricted the number of competitors, the greater the interest and eagerness of the public. On the 16th August, long before five o'clock, the appointed hour, the magnificent Gürzenich Hall was crammed, and presented a splendid sight. The grand wide platform was occupied by a sturdy brotherhood of singers, who, though their own part in the proceedings had been concluded on the first day or on the afternoon of the second, had stopped to be present during the contest for the Emperor's Prize, and there was only just room left for the competing association. In the gallery, which was no less densely packed, stood more singers, who "had done"—in their shirt-sleeves, for the heat had gradually become insupportable. On Monday afternoon there were probably between 4,000 and 5,000 persons assembled in the Gürzenich, which is supposed to contain only 2,000 or 3,000. The judges, previously dispersed in four different localities, had now come together to deliver their final decision, and were seated at a horse-shoe-shaped table, opposite the platform. Ferdinand Hiller occupied the chair. The piece to be sung was a "Sanctus," especially composed for the occasion by him, so as to fulfil the prescribed conditions of taking up a quarter of an hour and containing a certain number of vocal difficulties. There was also a second piece, but this each competing association itself selected. The associations constituting the first class were five: The Handwerkerengesangverein, from Eupener, with 76 members; the Société Royale, l'Émulation, from Verviers, with 115 members; Rotten's Mannenkoor, from Antwerp, with 115 members; La Concorde, from Chenée (Belgium), with 93 members; and the Männergesangverein, from Essen, with 82 members. These five associations were greeted with a chorus sung by the Cologne Männergesangverein. Then began the competition, which it did not take long to decide. At half-past eight, amid breathless excitement and profound silence, Hiller gave judgment: Verviers took the first prize (the gold medal and 2,000 marks); Chenée the second (silver-gilt tazza presented by the Crown Prince); and Rotterdam the third (silver goblet offered by the Cologne Männergesangverein). Thus the Germans came off empty-handed. The judges may, under the circumstances, have found the task of coming to a decision a painful one, but the decision was only just; the public had to acknowledge this, and nothing remained for their feeling of patriotism, which was not exactly flattered, except silently to endorse the verdict. The reader will readily believe that they dispersed not quite in a contented frame of mind and were considerably put out at seeing the prizes given by the Emperor and by the Crown Prince carried across the frontier. The singing of the two German associations were, however, so insignificant and so inartistic compared with that of their foreign visitors, and unfortunately did so little credit to the home of beautiful folk's-song, that even the most uneducated layman must have awarded the prize to the admirable training and fire of the Belgians and the vigorous precision of the Dutchmen. The defeat may serve as a good lesson for our German associations, who may learn from the Belgians in what their own shortcomings consist.

When the decision was made public the Belgians broke out into uncontrollable transports of delight. They rushed from the building, and, headed by their flags, went singing national songs through the streets, where the news of their triumph soon spread about. The Dutchmen were calmer; they waved their flag in the air and quietly withdrew. The general distribution of the prizes took place on Tuesday, the 17th August, in the Gürzenich. After an instrumental introduction (the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which was very acceptable after so many choruses for male voices), the members of the Liederkranz, who organized the Match, sang the "Gruss an die Künstler," and then the chief burgomaster, Herr Becker, rose, apparently to make the speech promised in the programme. After the usual greetings, he explained that he

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

held peculiar views as to speeches, especially at the conclusion of so interesting and instructive a festival; he considered the promise in the official book as a typographical error, and for that reason would spare both himself and every one else a long oration; he would restrict himself simply to offering his most heartfelt thanks to all, and assuring them that the last few days would be indelibly recorded in the annals of the city of Cologne. Hereupon the prizes were distributed, the associations being now merely represented by deputies. The orchestra blew a flourish as each prize was handed to the recipient. The Empress's Prize (International Class of Honour), won by the Dresden Liedertafel, consists of two large and valuable vases. The Crown Prince's tazza is small but of the most exquisite and most artistic workmanship. The medals, including the gold medal presented by the Emperor, are half as large again as a five-mark piece, and admirably executed. On the obverse are the arms of Cologne, and on the reverse two branches of laurels intertwined. Appropriate inscriptions and dates run round each side. But of all the numerous gifts the mighty goblet contributed by the Cologne Männergesangverein is the most magnificent.

On considering finally this International Match in all its bearings, I arrive at the significant fact that a new impetus will be imparted by the tournament at Cologne to German male choral singing, which deserves and requires high cultivation. Germany, unfortunately, did nothing much; its best effort, certainly a good one, was that of the victorious Dresden Liedertafel. Genuine and well-merited were the triumphs achieved by Belgium—we should act wisely to adopt as models both the methods and the organization practised by the Belgian associations. What I missed with pain was—the German folk's-song, though the cultivation of it ought to be one of the highest aims of our male choral institutions. Not a single association sang one. Was such a composition too insignificant? Do our societies think that the execution of a four-part folk's-song affords no test of their skill? Patriotic songs, too, in my opinion, should constitute a large item in the programmes; carefully cultivated by the Belgians they were, at the Cologne festival, utterly neglected by the Germans. Associations unnumbered declared, however, in four-part compositions and the most sentimental manner, "They loved her, oh, how deeply!" Some few songs were certainly good, but by far the most were insignificant. Male choral literature is, we must own, not too rich in meritorious works, but the works of this kind which do exist were turned to little account. We should bear in mind the admirable motto of those who got up the Festival:

"Edel und bieder  
Sei'n Herz und Lieder."

Finally a word or two concerning the prize-choruses: as many difficulties as possible and a quarter-of-an-hour's duration were, as I have mentioned, the conditions prescribed for them. The first condition strikes us as proper at singing matches, but the second as a mistake. So long a space of time is too much for a chorus. Singers, audience, and—judges discovered this to their cost.

Warm thanks are due to the society who originated and organized the festival so admirably, for the realisation of the project involved endless labour and considerable sacrifices. But, though the credit of the unchequered success with which everything went off must be given to the society, their efforts were greatly assisted by the unaffected, cheerful disposition of the population who take such an interest in matters of this description. In addition to their artistic object the brothers in song achieved another no less noble: the infusion of new life into the international feeling of brotherhood and friendship. Men are free and united when they hear the grand accents of the universal language: Divine Music.

HERMANN WOLFF.

**CASTELLAMARE.**—The Countess Lucchesi-Palli, better known as Amalia Brambilla, died here a short time since. The daughter of Paolo Brambilla, she was born in Milan and studied under Felice Romani. At the age of thirteen she used to sing, dressed as a boy, with her father in churches. She then went on the stage, where she soon became celebrated. Her first husband was the well-known tenor, Jean Baptiste Verger, by whom she had a son, Napoleon Verger, the barytone. Her second husband was Count Alexander Lucchesi-Palli, Prince of Campofranco. (Napoleon Verger appeared many years ago, under Mr Lumley, at Her Majesty's, playing, among other characters, Don Giovanni.—*DA BRIDGE*.)



## A SINGULAR NON-COINCIDENCE.

Let our readers read and ponder the subjoined extraordinary anecdote:—

"One of our most eminent violinists lately had an offer of an engagement to play *principal double bass*, at a country concert, with the request that he would kindly state his lowest fee; to which he thus modestly replied, 'Dear Sir,—My lowest fee for such an engagement would be fifty guineas. I should, in the first place, have to purchase an instrument; it would then be imperative that I should take lessons, and devote the greater part of my time to severe study of the instrument, not forgetting the inevitable expenses of Contra Bass studies, &c., &c., and, taking all things into consideration, I think you will not consider fifty guineas at all an exceptional fee, as, at present, I know absolutely nothing of the instrument.'"

It is scarcely necessary to say that this gentleman failed to obtain the engagement.

[I am astonished that the engagement was *not* obtained on such reasonable terms.—DR BLIDGE.]

## THE CRY OF THE CLERK!

Why do they talk of the Border-Land, the rippling streams and miles of heather,

To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce keep body and soul together?

My border-land's 'twixt life and death, and I long for the hum of the Underground

To take me away from the roar of the street, the City's crash, and eternal sound

That rings in my ears from morn to night, from the dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark.

Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close them fast to the Cry of the Clerk?

Envious? No! Let them visit the sea, neither pain nor pleasure are far to seek,

But seas and summers are not for me with a salary under a pound a week.

My only change is from desk to home, my only trip on the tramway cars;

My baby's face is my only moon; and the eyes of my wife are my only stars.

The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the Milkman's voice is the morning lark

That wakes me out of my land of dreams,—where I journey at times, though a penniless Clerk!

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the same little den in the same old court,

Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm seemed richer when bread was short.

Drones and bees in the same glass-hive; but they looked on as I made the honey,

But it did seem hard they should waste so much, when I could have cringed for a loan of money

To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to haven the buffeted bark

That threatened to split on the sands of Time, with the life and love of the threadbare Clerk!

I don't growl at the working man, be his virtue strict or morality lax;

He'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and they never ask him for the Income-tax!

They take his little ones out to tea, in a curtained van when the fields are green,

But never a flower, or field or fern, in their leafy homes have my children seen.

The case is different, so they say, for I'm respectable,—save the mark!

He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and I with my body and brain—poor Clerk!

Respectability! That's the word that makes such fellows as I grow lean,

That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier, and sets me longing for Kensal Green!

What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-stained pen is his only crutch,

Who counts the gain that staggers his brain, and fingers the till that he dare not touch!

Where's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a man like me who has wrecked the Ark  
That holds his holiest gifts, and why? Because he is honest and called a Clerk!

Why did I marry? In mercy's name, in the form of my brother was I not born?

Are wife and child to be given to him, and love to be taken from me with scorn?

It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the only voices that break my sorrow,

That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt the sad to-day and the grim to-morrow.

The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor joys like yours as you flit together

Away to the woods and the downs, and over the endless acres of purple heather.

But I've love, thank Heaven! and mercy, too; 'tis for justice only I bid you hark

To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the wounded cry of a London Clerk!

Punch.

[Worthy of Tom Hood. Per Hercle!—how Mr Punch is bestirring his ancient and revered loins!—

Old Percival Leigh (if the author you be)  
Long may you be old Percival Leigh!

Such are my sentiments, uncouthly expressed, but honestly intended.—DR BLIDGE.]

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 9th:—

Overture, <i>King Stephen</i> ... ..	Beethoven.
Andantino, in F, from the First Set of Organ Pieces ...	Th. Salomé.
Toccata and Fugue in the Dorian Mode ... ..	Bach.
Romanza, "Sombre forêt" ... ..	Rossini.
Minuetto from the Symphony in G minor ... ..	Sir W. S. Bennett.
March (Art of Organ Playing, Vol. II., No. 206) ...	W. T. Best.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 11th:—

Festival Prelude on the Chorale, "Ein' fest Burg" ...	G. A. Thomas.
Passacaglia, in G minor, and Bourrée from an Organ Concerto ... ..	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue in C minor ... ..	Bach.
Adagio, in A flat major (Collection of Organ Pieces, No. 23) ... ..	W. T. Best.
Fantasia Pastorale (L'Organiste Moderne, Book 9) ...	Lefébure Wély.
Overture, <i>Chevy Chase</i> ... ..	G. A. Macfarren.

[And not one movement by Dussek! Try the serenade from Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte sonata in F minor, dedicated to Mendelssohn. The serenade is in F major; so it will take three flats off the fingers of the astonished organist of St George his Hall.—DR BLIDGE.]

Jules de Swert, violoncellist and composer of the opera, *Die Albigenser*, will play at concerts this winter in Berlin.

BERGEN.—The remains of Ole Bull, enclosed in a magnificent coffin, were removed from his villa in the small island of Lysøen on the 23rd August. They were followed by an immense number of country-people to the port, where they were put on board the "Kong Sverre" steamer. Fourteen other steamers went to meet the "Kong Sverre," and accompanied her, amid the strains of funeral music, to this port, which was decked out suitably to the occasion. The fortress and some men-of-war in the roads fired salutes as the "Kong Sverre" steamed in. At two o'clock the coffin was transported in a carriage from the Holbergabrygge to the cemetery, the fortress firing minute-guns. An immense concourse of mourners followed. Ed. Grieg, the composer, carrying the massive gold wreath presented to the deceased in California, walked behind the coffin. Björnstjerne Björnson made an impressive speech at the grave, speaking in high terms of the deceased both as a man and an artist, and thanking him in the name of his country. The houses along the route displayed flags draped with crape and half-mast high. According to the *Bergen Post*, Ole Bull took leave of his relatives on the morning of the 17th August, and, a few hours before his death, which occurred the same day, begged his wife to play him portions of Mozart's *Requiem*.

## MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 545.)

TO NESTOR KOUKOLNICK.

"Paris, the 15th April, 1845.

"Chance has placed me in communication with some agreeable persons, and I have found in Paris friends, few in number, it is true, but sincere and full of talent. The most valuable acquaintanceship I have made is, beyond a doubt, that of Hector Berlioz. One of my principal objects in coming to Paris was to render myself familiar with his works, which are so run down by some persons and so admired by others. Fortune has been most kind to me! Not only have I heard music by Berlioz at concerts and even at rehearsals, but I am on a footing of intimacy with him. To my mind, he is the first composer of our day (in his own style, of course), and I have become his friend, as far as it is possible for me to be so with an eccentric character like him. Here is my opinion about him. In the domain of fancy no one else has such colossal notions, and, besides all their other merit, his combinations possess that of being entirely new. Breadth in the work as a whole, an abundance of details, close harmonic tissue, and a powerful instrumentation, never previously known, such are the characteristics of his music. In drama, carried away by his fanciful temperament, he steps out of the situation, is deficient in natural truth, and falls into what is false. Of the pieces by him which I have heard, the following are those I prefer: the overture of *Les Francs-Juges*, Queen Mab's Scherzo from *Roméo et Juliette*, the March of Pilgrims in *Childe Harold*, as well as the "Dies Ire" and "Tuba mirum" from the *Mass for the Dead*.<sup>\*</sup> They all produced on me an impression I cannot describe. At this moment I have at home the manuscripts of some unpublished works of his, which I study with unalloyed pleasure. I sent Heindrich my opinion of the Conservatory-Concerts Society, and he was to let you have it. The other day I heard the *Pastoral Symphony* there. It was good; in my opinion, even too good. The orchestra underline every detail with such refinement and such an affectation of gradation that the general effect is weakened.<sup>†</sup> The bills and papers I sent have made you acquainted with my first essays in Paris. Here are some of the details. At Berlioz's third concert, the air: 'Spolie Tchisteiole' was greatly applauded. Soloieva began a trifle too low, but soon got right. My 'Lesguenne,' written, as you know, for two orchestras, lost a good deal of its effect from being arranged for one, though that one was truly enormous. Did the blame lie with the arrangement or with the execution, which was not perfect? The result was not what I expected, or Berlioz either. The piece is a great favourite of his, and he picked it out himself. At the fourth concert, Soloieva did not sing nearly as well, and at the one I gave in the Salle Herz, she so lost her self-possession in the middle of the duet from *I Puritani* that she had to renounce appearing in the following numbers. Marras set things right by coming and singing, which he did marvellously well, the cavatina from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a piece not comprised in the programme. The fifty-two musicians of the band from the Théâtre-Italien got on very well. My pieces met with a good reception, especially the 'Scherzo in the Form of a Waltz.' It is played everywhere. My romance, "Il Desiderio," also, is much sung. The attempts at translation not having been successful, I had to restrict myself to these insignificant pieces. But, in addition to the fact that what was wanted for concerts was music which would be understood at the first hearing, I did not wish to come out here with anything except pieces written in Russia and for Russia. I have, therefore, achieved a bird-of-passage kind of success, which is highly important for me. Berlioz, Herz, and others, have read my scores. The *Débats* has published an enormous article by Berlioz, which will convince you that my self-love as an author must be fully satisfied. In a word, I am exceedingly pleased with my journey. Paris is a marvellous city. The variety of intellectual enjoyments is inexhaustible, and I do not remember in all my past existence a more agreeable period than the last few months I have spent here. From an artistic point of view, the study of Berlioz's compositions and familiarity with the Parisian public have led me to some important conclusions. I have resolved to enrich my repertory with some concert-pieces for orchestra—and, if my strength allows it, I shall write a great many—which will take the form of 'Picturesque Fantasias.' Up to the present, instrumental music has been divided into two very different classes: quartets and symphonies, which,

<sup>\*</sup> Berlioz had not then written *La Damnation de Faust* or *L'Enfance du Christ*.

<sup>†</sup> We must repeat that we do not endorse opinions open, in more than one respect, to question. We merely transcribe and, as a faithful medium, omit nothing of importance. (I entirely coincide with Glinka.—D. B. BIDGE.)

though appreciated by a few, frighten, by their complexity, the mass of the public, and concertos, variations, &c., which fatigue the ear by their want of connection and by the consciousness on the part of the audience of the trouble taken by the performer. It strikes me that we might succeed in conciliating the exigencies of art with the wants of our period, and, profiting by the improvements introduced into the manufacture of instruments and into musical execution, write something equally agreeable to connoisseurs and to the bulk of the public. I have already set about the task. I am writing a *coda* for 'Tchernomor's March.' The fragment has pleased greatly here, but a *coda* is necessary. In Spain, the originality of the local melodies will be very serviceable to me for the fantasias I have in my head. I shall see on the spot whether it is not possible to compose an opera in the Spanish style. At any rate, I shall endeavour to translate my impressions into music."

(To be continued.)

## PROVINCIAL.

CARRODUS AT BLACKPOOL.—One of the most enjoyable features of the concert was the violin solo by Mr J. T. Carrodus. The accomplished violinist seemed to excel himself on this occasion, and the delight of the audience showed itself in hearty applause several times during the performance. Mr Carrodus is making a great reputation in Blackpool. The fact that an Englishman can play the violin is gradually dawning upon the minds of multitudes who thought that nothing could be heard from that instrument worth listening to unless the performer had a German, French, or Italian prefix to his name. It is refreshing to know that there are great musicians who are content to wear a plain "Mr." Mr Carrodus was very ably accompanied on the pianoforte by his youthful son, who bids fair to one day stand side by side with his father in the musical world.—*Blackpool Times*, Sept. 8th.

BIRMINGHAM.—The fifth performance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Theatre Royal last night was devoted to the *Bohemian Girl*. With Miss Julia Gaylord as Arline, Miss Josephine Yorke as the Queen of the Gipsies, Mr Ludwig as Count Arnheim, Mr Charles Lyall as Florestan, and Mr Snazelle as Devilshoof, it may be taken for granted that everything, so far as these artists were concerned, was satisfactory. The notable event of the evening was the assumption of the part of Thaddeus by Mr Barton McGuckin, a gentleman who has during recent years been often heard here at concerts, but who last night appeared for the first time (we believe) before an audience as an operatic singer. That he is at present quiet in his action is not to be lamented, inasmuch as stage experiences will be sure to increase self-reliance. So far as vocalization is concerned, Mr McGuckin may be congratulated upon a complete success. Possessing a high tenor voice of exquisitely sweet quality, he surpasses in the tender passages, and consequently examples like "The secret of her birth" and "When other lips" receive from him a rendering full of characteristic expression. The applause bestowed upon the young artist showed how thoroughly his efforts to please were appreciated, and he was compelled to repeat a portion of the favourite song we have mentioned. Other encores were for "I dreamt I dwelt" (Miss Gaylord) and "Love smiles best to deceive" (Miss Josephine Yorke).—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, Sept. 11.

## PUTTING IT OFF.

In Wintertime I first began To court you, Annie dear; And breathed, as lovers only can, Soft nothings in thine ear. I dreamed about you half the night; I wooed you half the day. In sunny hopes, in visions bright, The Winter pass'd away.	In Summertime I bravely dared, Dear Annie, to suggest That, if we thought of getting paired, That season was the best. What bliss to hail the merry morn That made you all my own!— But while I lingered, still forlorn, I found the Summer flown.
'Twas in the Springtime, Annie dear, You swore to be my bride. The latter days of March were here;— The hour was eventide. You begged a very brief delay— A month, or little more;— But, ere you named the happy day, The Spring, alas, was o'er!	September brings the autumn here; The leaves begin to fall. Full soon upon the landscape drear Will Winter spread its pall. In gloom I sit, with solemn phiz, A moody single man— Whose only consolation is That you're a spinster, Anne!

—Fun.

## F. H. COWEN'S FIRST SYMPHONY.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Dec., 1869.)

The symphony (in C minor) came as a revelation of unsuspected power. Bearing in mind how few contemporary musicians could write even a tolerable symphony, it is a great thing for Mr Cowen that his work was heard with pleasure and received with unanimous approval. Seldom has any one composition done so much for its author—there being now no question that Mr Cowen is in the first rank of those upon whom the immediate future of English music depends. The symphony opens with a brief *largo* (chiefly remarkable for an expressive passage in unison), leading to an *allegro di molto*. An agitated character distinguishes the first subject of the latter movement, while the second, announced by clarinet solo, has a placid beauty happily in contrast. These themes are excellently treated throughout the first part; afterwards, Mr Cowen is redundant, and expands the movement to a greater length than it will bear with advantage. The trio of the *scherzo* is another attractive feature, and the skill with which, in the *coda*, its melody is interwoven with that of the *scherzo* proper, secures a really charming effect. An *allegretto con moto*, which follows, strikes us as the best movement of the work. It is bright and cheerful, with a strong pastoral character, and might be entitled, not inaptly, "Country life." Always interesting and beautiful, the *allegretto* here and there gives evidence of a masterly conception and development such as belong only to a very high order of art. Its performance was a deserved success, and led to a demand for repetition. The subject of the *finale* appears at first somewhat trivial, and the entire movement lacks variety; but the skill with which the materials are worked, and the evidence of independent thought shown throughout, avoid anti-climax. Altogether the symphony is a remarkable effort, and one which places the composer in a situation of responsibility as well as of prominence. As to the model by which Mr Cowen works there cannot be much doubt. A few traces of Mozart and Mendelssohn appear in this symphony, but Beethoven dominates alike in conception and construction. There is, however, no slavish copying of the master. Mr Cowen suggests Beethoven \* more by the general character of his music than by its details.

## BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

The report that Herr Hans von Bülow has been attacked by hemiplegy and lost the use of his right hand is destitute of foundation.—Herr Niemann is hard at work on the title-part in Rubinstein's *Nero*. He has almost recovered from the effects of his accident, and will appear early in October at the Royal Operahouse. The "beard question" (not Otto-Beard question.—DR BLDGZ.) is still undecided. Niemann is the happy possessor of a fine black beard, in which he takes great pride. Nero had no beard. Niemann ought to shave, but declines doing so, and consequently Nero will probably bear a more striking resemblance to the Pard of whom Shakspeare speaks than is justified by history.

MR MAAS AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.—In its notice of *The Messiah* at the recent meeting of the Three Choirs, the Birmingham *Daily Post* says:—"The greatest amount of interest centred in the doings of Mr Joseph Maas, who had given such excellent promise at his *début* at these festivals, as to what might be expected from him as an exponent of the tenor airs of *The Messiah*. Mr Maas, however, came triumphantly through the ordeal, and we may now conclude that his name will be for the future inseparable from the list of vocalists at gatherings of the Three Choirs. 'Comfort ye' and 'Every valley' just foreshadowed what was to be expected in the *Passion* music. The latter showed how truly Mr Maas had appreciated the exigencies of the touching words and equally touching music. One point that perhaps more than any other could not but fail to assert itself was that, while he did no violence to the good traditions of the part, he invested the recitative and aria with a special individuality derived from his own ideas. 'Thou shalt dash them' was effective in every phrase down to the final cadence, where, wisely following the usual custom, the singer finished with the upper A with a *verve* and nervous energy that made the phrase ring through the edifice."

\* For Beethoven read Schubert.—A. S. S.

## WAIFS.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has concluded an engagement with the Imperial Opera at Vienna. She made her *début* on Thursday evening, and is to sing successively in *Traviata*, *Lucie, Il Trovatore*, *Aida*, and *Rigoletto*.—*Parisian*.

On Friday afternoon at the Palais de l'Industrie there will begin a series of festivals with choruses.—*Parisian*.

Mr W. Grist has completed in both English and German a dramatic cantata entitled *Columbus*, which has been set to music by Mr Gadaby. *Columbus*, which will occupy in performance about three-quarters of an hour, will probably be produced shortly in the concert-room of the Crystal Palace.—*Parisian*.

Sarasate has been staying at San Sebastian.

The Brussels Conservatory re-opened on the 15th inst.

A new Orpheonic Society has been inaugurated in Toledo.

Kretschmer's *Folkunger* has been given at Frankfort-on-Maine.

Hans Köhler, a once famous bass singer, died in Dresden on the 3rd inst.

A new theatre was recently inaugurated at Laveno on the Lago Maggiore.

The first night's success of Coronaro's *Creola* at Vicenza has been confirmed.

Remenyi played at the Detroit Musical Festival on the 30th and 31st August.

Bulterini and Fancelli are engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Mezeray, conductor at the Grand-Théâtre, Bordeaux, has been created "Officier d'Académie."

Richard Wagner will be sixty-seven next month. (So will Verdi; so will Theophilus Queer.—DR BLDGZ.)

Ignaz Brüll's *Bianca*, reduced from three acts into two, is to be given at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Another phenomenon-pianist, Lulu Veling, is creating a great impression at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, U.S.

Mad. Sachse-Hofmeister will sing the part of the heroine in Geisler's *Ingeborg* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Carl Gramman's *Melusine* will be performed at Turin, after the production of his new opera, *Germanikus*, at Dresden.

Theodor Wachtel, accompanied by an Italian lady-vocalist, and Emil Bach as pianist, intends making a concert tour in Sweden.

Amina Boschetti, the *danceuse*, is about to publish autobiographical sketches under the title of *Spine, Rose, ed Ortiche* (*Thorns, Roses, and Nettles*).

Camille Saint-Saëns is about to make a concert tour in Germany and Austria, the programme including his Birmingham cantata, *La Lyre et la Harpe*.

The King of Saxony has conferred the large Gold Medal on the Dresden Liedertafel, which carried off first prize at the Singing Match in Cologne.

Desoff, at present conductor at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe, is to receive 15,000 marks a year in the same capacity at the new Operahouse, Frankfort-on-Maine.

*Pinafore* and *Trial by Jury* have been alternating lately at the Aquarium, New York.—Maurice Grau's French opera-company was to open, on the 13th inst., at the Standard, in the same city.

After being closed for two months, the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe, re-opened on the 29th ult. with *Fidelio*. The Stadttheater, Cologne, re-opened with the same opera on the 1st inst.

Miss Cary, Wilhelmj, and Joseffy will appear at three concerts on the 8th, 9th, and 10th prox., in Music Hall, Boston (U.S.). So that Wilhelmj will not return to Europe so soon as was reported.

A new Circus is being erected in the Plaza del Rey, Madrid, exclusively for musical entertainments.—There will be sixteen theatres open during the coming season in Madrid, seven of them devoted to music.

After returning to his native country, Maurice Dengremont gave his first concert, on the 1st August, at the Imperial Theatre, Rio Janeiro, and was enthusiastically received.—On the conclusion of the Italian-opera season at the Imperial Theatre, the manager will take the company to Havannah.

In the first transports of delight, the happy father rushed into the room exclaiming, "I've got a son; it's a boy!"



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